

Saturday Magazine.

Nº 245.

APRIL

30TH, 1836.

PRICE
ONE PENNY

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



THE MARKET-PLACE, AND CELEBRATED PLANE-TREE, AT COS.

THE GREEK ISLANDS. No. III.

COS, OR STANCO.

THE island of Cos is one of the most interesting and valuable in the Grecian Archipelago. Like Patmos, it is classed among the Sporades; and its northernmost point is scarcely four miles from the coast of Asia Minor. It lies at the mouth of the great inlet in that continent, which in ancient times was called the Ceramic Gulf, and which now bears the appellation of the Gulf of Boudroon. Its length is about five-and-twenty miles, and its breadth about five.

The modern town of Cos is described as presenting an exceedingly miserable appearance; at no time within the last fifty years has its condition been tolerable; and since the period of the Greek revolution, it has exhibited a worse picture still. In the year 1815, there were about 2900 houses in the island, but of these the greater part were in ruins, and some so tottering that it was impossible to walk near them without dread. The violent rains which occurred three years before had contributed very largely to bring about this destruction. There was an earthquake at the same time, though of too slight a nature to cause much mischief. On other occasions it would seem that the town has suffered severely from earthquakes; at the close of the fifteenth century there occurred one which effected considerable damage. Yet it is not to the injuries of nature so much as to the government of the Turks, that we are to ascribe the wretched state of the modern city.

The pooriness of the habitations in this fine fertile island contrasts strikingly with the solidity which we noticed in a former number as characterizing the buildings of Patmos. As for the streets of the town, they have scarcely anything to distinguish them from those of most Turkish towns; they are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty, and the wretchedness of their appearance is not at all diminished by the almost total absence of glass from the windows of the houses.

Perhaps the most remarkable object in the city, and indeed in the island, is the market-place, and its celebrated plane-tree, represented in our engraving. This tree is supposed to be the largest of its kind in the world. Mr. Turner, who saw it in 1815, found its trunk to be 33 feet 4 inches in circumference, and its branches to extend from the extremity of one side to that of the other, 37 paces.

According to Dr. Clarke, this great tree once covered with its branches upwards of forty shops; but an enormous branch, extending from the trunk almost to the sea, although propped by ancient columns of granite, gave way and fell. This loss considerably diminished the effect produced by the beauty and prodigious size of the tree; but its branches still exhibited a very remarkable appearance,—extending horizontally to a surprising distance, and supported at the same time by granite and marble pillars found upon the island. "Some notion," he says, "may be formed of the time those props have been so employed, by the appearance of the columns, and so completely, that the branches and the pillars mutually support each other; it is probable if those branches were raised, some of them would lift the pillars from the earth."

One of the best ornaments of the town is the ancient castle, which stands at its western extremity; it is a fine large building, though as a fortress, of little importance, having but few guns, and those without carriages, and in bad order. "The arms of the Christians," says Van Egmont, "favour the conjecture that it was built by the Genoese; and some

cannon are still mounted on the ramparts; but we were not permitted to enter it. The castle has a moat, or rather a dry ditch, running round it on the east and south,—that is to say,—on the land-side; on the north, it looks towards the open sea, and on the west it has the ancient port, or, to speak more correctly, the remains of it.

The form of this port is that of a circle, whose diameter is about the eighth of a mile. It is now, as for many years it has been, so completely choked up, that even the small Greek boats cannot enter it; the entrance, indeed, which scarcely exceeds fifteen feet in breadth, is closed by reeds, for the convenience of fishing.

It is a common tradition in the island, that the Venetians, before surrendering the city into the hands of the Turks, threw their riches into the harbour; and in the year 1801, a Swedish engineer came with forty men, and offered to clear it at his own expense, on the simple condition of being allowed to keep what he found in it. The Turks rejected his proposition, for they, too, share the common belief that there is a vast treasure at the bottom of the harbour; and among the other marvellous items which their luxurious fancy has depicted, four large cannons, all of solid gold, are conspicuously noted. Yet not even the prospect of getting these can induce them to undertake a work of solid and certain utility,—though the dread of seeing so rich a prize in any hands but their own, is quite strong enough to hinder them from letting others attempt it. To compensate, however, in some degree, for the destruction of the ancient harbour, the Turks have enclosed a space about 300 feet in breadth and 50 in length, by means of a sort of mole, formed of "scanty heaps of small stones;" into this, boats venture when the wind is not blowing from the north.

The island of Cos is greatly distinguished in ancient history as the birth-place of two of the most celebrated men that the world can boast of,—men to whom the judgment of antiquity has awarded the highest rank in their respective professions, and whose names have almost passed into proverbial expressions for excellence in the pursuits which they cultivated. The one is Hippocrates, the father of medicine, the prince of physicians, and the founder of the art of healing, as he has been gratefully called; the other is Apelles, the prince of painters. The former flourished towards the close of the fifth century before the Christian era; the latter lived afterwards, in the time of Alexander the Great.

In the estimation of the ancients, this island was sacred to the god of physic, Asclepius, as the Greeks called him, or Æsculapius, to use the more common name by which he was known among the Romans. In the suburbs of the city of Cos there was a temple dedicated to this heathen divinity; this is the Asclepieium, whose relics are so anxiously but so vainly sought after by modern travellers and antiquaries. In the language of the Greeks, it bore the appellation of Asclepieion; and Strabo speaks of it as "exceedingly celebrated," and abounding in precious offerings. In the days of its prosperity, it boasted the possession of two paintings, which were among the choicest productions of the pencil of Apelles; the one was his "Antigonus," and the other, his "Venus Anadyomene," or Venus rising from the Sea.

This temple of Æsculapius was also remarkable for the number and value of the votive offerings which it contained; perhaps, indeed, the two pictures of which we have spoken may be classed among them. It was a part of the religious system of the Greeks and Romans to present gifts of various kinds to the different heathen divinities, whose aid or protection they

might wish to secure; it was also their custom to make offerings of thanksgiving, as it were, on such occasions as a restoration to health after illness or bodily affliction, or an extraordinary escape from some threatened disaster. These offerings were, of course, of an appropriate character; and were generally accompanied by an inscription referring to the particular circumstances of the case. Thus, mariners who had been saved from shipwreck used to hang up their clothes in the temple of Neptune, with a picture representing the details of their danger and deliverance; and the invalid who had recovered his health, would cause an image of his eyes, hands, feet, or even of his whole body, to be fashioned in marble, earthenware, or other materials, and present it to the deity whose aid he might suppose to have effected his cure. These offerings were sometimes fixed in cavities of rocks adjoining the precincts of the temple, sometimes appended to the walls and columns of the sacred edifices themselves, and sometimes fastened by wax to the bodies of the statues, especially to the knees. In many parts of Greece there are still to be seen the rocky cavities which were used for this purpose, and in some instances the offerings themselves have been discovered; in the island of Santorin, for instance, there was found a votive figure, representing a man in a dropsical state. Occasionally the medicine which had been the instrument of cure was placed in the temples; as in the case which has been handed down to us of the goldsmith, who on his death-bed bequeathed an ointment to be deposited in a temple for the use of those who might be unable to see the physicians. This custom, so prevalent among the ancients, has frequently obtained in modern countries; it is partially practised, indeed, at the present day, by the followers of the Roman Catholic and Greek religions. Dr. Clarke tells us, too, that in the churches of Denmark and Norway, there are votive pictures of escapes from banditti and recoveries from illness, accompanied by inscriptions which record the details of each case.

As Æsculapius was peculiarly the patron of Cos, and the temple there erected to him was a very famous one, we may easily understand how it became possessed of so many votive offerings. Invalids were allowed to sleep in the porticoes and in the interior of the sacred edifice, as was, indeed, the case in other places; and there, according to the superstitious belief of the times, it was supposed that they received, by way of dreams, the necessary advice concerning the remedies to be used, for procuring the restoration of health. The inscriptions with which they accompanied their offerings on the recovery, always set forth the nature of the remedy which had effected it. It was from a mass of such cases collected in the temple at Cos, that Hippocrates is said to have framed a regular set of canons for the art of medicine, and thus to have "reduced the practice of physic to a system;" Pliny says that he is reported to have copied them, and the temple being afterwards burnt down, to have instituted the branch of medical science called "clinical."

No certain traces of the Asclepieium have been discovered by modern travellers; nor has its site been fixed by them with anything like precision. Dr. Clarke conjectures that the mosque which stands near the modern market-place may occupy its original position. There was formerly a grove consecrated to Æsculapius near the ancient temple; and almost all the trees were cut down for ship-timber by a Roman senator, who had been one of the assassins of Julius Cæsar. The doctor hazards the suggestion that the marvellous plane-trees of which we have already

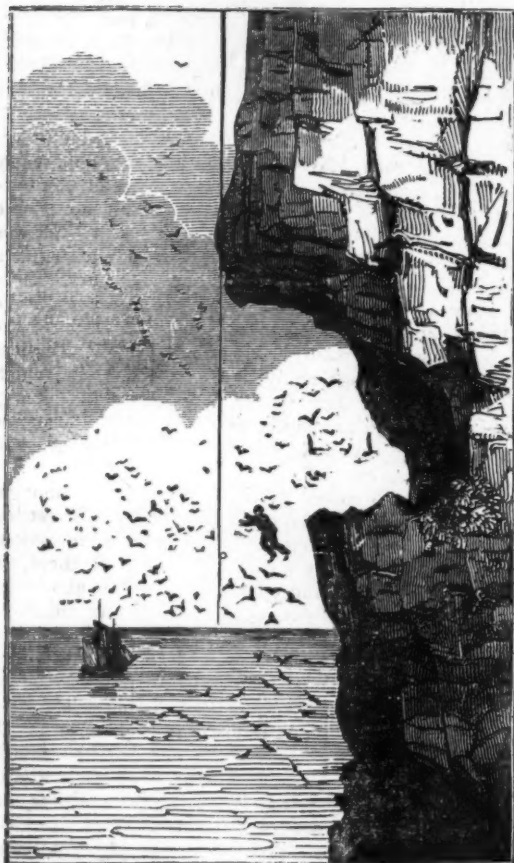
spoken, "if it be not a venerable remnant of this grove, may, as a spontaneous produce resulting from it, denote its actual situation;" and the conjecture seems to be warranted by the number of ancient altars still remaining about the body of this tree.

There is a curious record of Hippocrates still preserved here, in the name of the fountain from which the town of Cos is supplied with water at the present day; it is situate at the distance of about three miles from the shore, and is called the Fountain of Hippocrates. The visiter is shown a cave, and an arched passage leading to a lofty vaulted chamber, with an aperture at the top, admitting light and air from the surface of the mountain, in which the excavation is formed. The water of the spring is warm, and of a chalybeate flavour; it gushes violently from the spring into a small basin. It is conducted to the town by a sort of aqueduct, or channel, covered with tile and stone; it flows with rapidity, and is cool and refreshing before it reaches its destination.

The surface of this land is of a diversified character, presenting an agreeable intermixture of the most delightful plains with gentle hills, occasionally swelling into mountainous elevations, more especially towards the eastern side. The fertility of the soil has always been remarkable; the Greek geographer, Strabo, speaks of it as "very fruitful," in the age of Augustus; and the Venetian writers of the seventeenth century, picture it as "abounding in all things necessary to the human state." There are now extensive orange and lemon plantations close to the town of Cos; and the very large export of the fruits which they yield, to all parts of the Archipelago, is one of the chief branches of the trade which the island still enjoys. Dr. Clarke purchased lemons at the rate of three shillings for a thousand, "notwithstanding the very great demand then made for them to supply the British fleet:" oranges, he says, were not so cheap, being less abundant. A later traveller gives the same price for both, but fixes it higher. Figs are also produced, though only in a quantity sufficient for the consumption of the island; they are sold according to the plenty, at the rate of from five to fourteen pounds for a penny. Dr. Clarke saw pomegranates and melons in great abundance, and "of delicious flavour;" and also "fine rich grapes selling for less than a halfpenny the pound." The chief consumption of these grapes is in the making of wine,—for which the island has always been celebrated.

It is melancholy to think, that blest as it is in such profusion with the gifts of Nature, this large and beautiful island should exhibit the dismal picture of misery which it offers at the present day. Mr. Turner characterizes it, as being in the most wretched condition of all the islands which he had seen in the Mediterranean, with the single exception, perhaps, of Cyprus; and had we not the testimony of other travellers to the same effect, we should still possess ample evidence of the misery which afflicts it, in the steady progress of its depopulation for a considerable time. The number of its inhabitants amounted formerly to 20,000; at the close of the last century it was reduced to 10,000, and twenty years ago it just exceeded 8000, there being then about 5000 Turks, 3000 Greeks, and 50 Jews. We have few means of estimating the population at the present day; it has been stated as low as 4000 souls. The causes of the decrease are to be found in the ravages of the plague, which has often carried off a third of the inhabitants,—in the consumption of the many wars which the Turks have waged within the last hundred years,—and in the loss occasioned by emigration.

WILD-BIRD CATCHING*.



PERILOUS LEAF OF A BIRD-CATCHER.

It is chiefly on the most rugged shores of Scotland, or on the more rugged rocks of the several adjacent islands, or still further to the north, in the Shetland or Ferroe Islands, that this "dreadful trade" is carried on in the perfection of its horrors; though in some parts of Wales, (as, for instance, near the South Stack, in Anglesey,) and the Needle Rocks in the Isle of Wight, adventurous climbers will occasionally exhibit feats of perilous achievement, quite sufficient to satisfy most beholders. In some parts of the coast, immense mounds or fragments of rocks have been cut off from the main land by terrible convulsions of nature, or the incessant wearing of waves through fissures and narrow channels for successive ages. On a few of these spots, sea-birds, for a time, rested securely, till some bold adventurers devised the means of invading their territories, crossing the space by means of cradles, suspended on ropes thrown across.

But though here and there, accommodations like this, for facilitating the visits of the bird-catchers to their particular haunts, may be at hand, by far the greater number are taken by enterprising individuals, who have only their own steadiness of head, strength of muscle, and dauntless spirit, to ensure success. We will describe the means and proceedings of those in St. Kilda, a small speck of an island, the most westward and distant, (save a still smaller needle-pointed uninhabited spot, called Rockall,) in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, containing a few people, who, from infancy accustomed to precipices, drop from crag to crag, as fearlessly as the birds themselves. Their great dependence is upon ropes of two

sorts; one made of hides,—the other of hair of cows' tails, all of the same thickness. The former are the most ancient, and still continue in the greatest esteem, as being stronger, and less liable to wear away, or be cut, by rubbing against the sharp edges of rocks. These ropes are of various lengths, from ninety to a hundred and twenty, and nearly two hundred feet in length, and about three inches in circumference. Those of hide are made of cows' and sheep's hides mixed together. The hide of the sheep, after being cut into narrow slips, is plated over with a broader slip of cow's hide. Two of these are then twisted together; so that the rope, when untwisted, is found to consist of two parts, and each of these contains a length of sheep-skin, covered with cow's hide. For the best, they will ask about thirteen pence a fathom, at which price they sell them to each other.

So valuable are these ropes, that one of them forms the marriage portion of a St. Kilda girl; and to this secluded people, to whom monied wealth is little known, an article on which, often life itself, and all its comforts, more or less depends, is far beyond gold and jewels.

The favourite resort for sea-fowl, particularly the oily Fulmars, is a tremendous precipice, about thirteen hundred feet high, formed by the abrupt termination of Conachan, the most elevated hill in the island, and supposed to be the loftiest precipitous face of rock in Britain.

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The Crows and Choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy,
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Such is the beautiful description of Dover Cliff, by Shakspeare; but what would he have said, could he have looked down from this precipice in St. Kilda, which is nearly three times higher, and so tremendous, that one who was accustomed to regard such sights with indifference, dared not venture to the edge of it alone? But, held by two of the islanders, he looked over into what might be termed a world of rolling mists and contending clouds. As these occasionally broke and dispersed, the ocean was disclosed below, but at so great a depth, that even the roaring of its surf, dashing with fury against the rocks, and rushing, with a noise like thunder, into the caverns it had formed, was unheard at this stupendous height. The brink was wet and slippery,—the rocks perpendicular from their summit to their base; and yet, upon this treacherous surface, the St. Kilda people approached, and sat upon the extremest verge; the youngest of them even creeping down a little way from the top, after eggs or birds, building in the higher range, which they take in great numbers, by means of a slender pole like a fishing-rod, at the end of which was fixed a noose of cow-hair, stiffened at one end with the feather of a Solan Goose.

But these pranks of the young are nothing when compared to the fearful feats of the older and more experienced practitioners. Several ropes of hide and hair are first tied together to increase the depth of his descent. One extremity of these ropes, so con-

* See Saturday Magazine, Vol. II., p. 228

nected, is of hide, and the end is fastened, like a girdle, round his waist. The other extremity is then let down the precipice, to a considerable depth, by the adventurer himself, standing at the edge: when, giving the middle of the rope to a single man, he descends, always holding by one part of the rope, as he lets himself down by the other, and supported from falling only by the man above, who has no part of the rope fastened to him, but holds it merely in his hands, and sometimes supports his comrade by one hand alone, looking at the same time over the precipice, without any stay for his feet, and conversing with the other, as he descends to a depth of nearly four hundred feet. A bird-catcher, on finding himself amongst the Fulmars' nests, took four, and with two in each hand, contrived, nevertheless, to hold the rope as he ascended; and, striking his foot against the rock, threw himself out from the face of the precipice, and returning with a bound, would again fly out, capering and shouting, and playing all sorts of tricks. Frightful as such a display must be to those unaccustomed to it, accidents are extremely rare; and the St. Kildians seem to think the possibility of a fatal termination to these exploits almost out of the question.

It is, indeed, astonishing to what a degree habit and practice, with steady nerves, may remove danger. From the island of the South Stack above mentioned, boys may be seen frequently scrambling by themselves, or held on by an urchin or two of their own age, letting themselves down the picturesque precipice opposite the island, by a piece of rope so slender, and apparently rotten, that the wonder is why it does not snap at the first strain. Yet, without a particle of fear, heedless of consequences, they will swing themselves to a ledge barely wide enough to admit the foot of a goat, and thence pick their way with or without the rope, to pillage the nest of a Gull, which, if aware of its own powers, might flap them headlong to the bottom.

Here too, as in St. Kilda, accidents are said to be of rare occurrence, though, of course, they do occasionally happen; but escapes, sufficiently appalling to make the blood run cold to hear of, are common enough.

The first we shall mention happened about two miles from the South Stack, on the rocky coast of Rhoscolin. A lady, living near the spot, sent a boy in search of samphire, with a trusty servant to hold the rope at the top. While the boy was dangling midway between sky and water, the servant, who was unused to his situation, whether owing to a sudden dizziness from looking down on the boy's motions, or misgivings as to his own powers of holding him up, felt a cold, sickly shivering creep over him, accompanied with a certainty that he was about to faint; the inevitable consequence of which, he had sense enough left to know, would be the certain death of the boy, and, in all probability, of himself, as in the act of fainting, it was most likely he would fall forward, and follow the rope and boy down the precipice. In this dilemma, he uttered a loud despairing scream, which was fortunately heard by a woman working in an adjoining field, who, running up, was just in time to catch the rope, as the fainting man fell senseless at her feet.

We shall add two more, equally hazardous, and one fatal. Many bird-catchers go on these expeditions without any companion to hold the rope or assist them. It was on such a solitary excursion, that a man, having fastened his rope to a stake on the top, let himself down far below; and, in his ardour for collecting birds and eggs, followed the

course of a ledge, beneath a mass of overhanging rock: unfortunately, he had omitted to take the usual precaution of tying the rope round his body, but held it carelessly in his hand; when, in a luckless moment, as he was busily engaged in pillaging a nest, it slipped from his grasp, and, after swinging backwards and forwards three or four times, without coming within reach, at last became stationary over the ledge of the projecting rock, leaving the bird-catcher apparently without a chance of escape,—for to ascend the precipice without a rope was impossible, and none were near to hear his cries, or afford him help. What was to be done? Death stared him in the face. After a few minutes' pause, he made up his mind. By a desperate leap he might regain the rope, but if he failed, and, at the distance at which it hung, the chances were against him, his fate was certain, amidst the pointed crags ready to receive him, over which the waves were dashing far, far, below. Collecting, therefore, all his strength, with outstretched arms, he sprang from the rock, and lived to tell the tale,—for the rope was caught!

The next occurred at St. Kilda; where, amongst other modes of catching the sea-fowl, that of setting gins or nooses is adopted. They are fixed in various places frequented by the birds. In one of these, set upon a ledge a hundred and twenty feet above the sea, a bird-catcher entangled his foot, and not being at the moment aware of it, was, on moving onwards, tripped up, and precipitated over the rock, where he hung suspended. He, too, as in the preceding case, had no companion; and, to add to his misfortune, darkness was at hand, leaving little prospect of his being discovered before morning. In vain he exerted himself to bend upwards, so as to reach the noose or grapple the rock. After a few fruitless efforts, his strength was exhausted, and in this dreadful situation, expecting, moreover, that the noose might give way every instant, did he pass a long night. At early dawn, by good fortune, his shouts were heard by a neighbour, who rescued him from his perilous suspension.

The last we shall relate, terminated in a more awful manner. A father and two sons were out together, and, having firmly attached their rope at the summit of a precipice, descended, on their usual occupation. Having collected as many birds and eggs as they could carry, they were all three ascending by the rope,—the eldest of the sons first,—his brother, a fathom or two below him; and the father following last. They had made considerable progress, when the elder son looking upwards, perceived the strands of the rope grinding against a sharp edge of rock, and gradually giving way. He immediately reported the alarming fact. "Will it hold together till we can gain the summit?" asked the father. "It will not hold another minute," was the reply: "our triple weight is loosening it rapidly!" "Will it hold one?" said the father. "It is as much as it can do," replied the son, "even that is but doubtful." "There is then a chance, at least, of one of us being saved; draw your knife, and cut away below!" was the cool and intrepid order of the parent;—"Exert yourself,—you may yet escape, and live to comfort your mother!" There was no time for discussion or further hesitation. The son looked up once more, but the edge of rock was cutting its way, and the rope had nearly severed. The knife was drawn,—the rope was divided,—and his father and brother were launched into eternity!

[Abridged from STANLEY's *Familiar History of Birds*.]

THE more one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.—LAVATER.

EAST INDIA STATIONS. No. IX.

DUM DUM.

DUM DUM the cantonment selected for the headquarters of the Bengal artillery, is not so favoured a spot in point of natural scenery, as Barrackpore. The lines occupy an extensive plain, unmarked by any feature worthy of peculiar notice, the little beauty it possesses being wholly the work of art. Handsome houses are scattered irregularly, with pleasure-grounds around them, which are generally planted with care and taste. The mess-room and its accompaniments form a very superb building, affording suites of apartments upon a far more magnificent scale than those belonging to an European barrack. The splendour of Woolwich fades before the grandeur of Dum Dum.

Dum Dum possesses a good station-library, which is amply furnished with new publications as they come out from England. There are few places in India where young officers have the advantage of so many opportunities of improving their minds, and of fitting themselves for their profession; its vicinity to Calcutta enables them to procure books and instruction upon scientific subjects, difficult of attainment in more remote cantonments.

The scenery about Dum Dum possesses little attraction. There are, however, some mansions in the neighbourhood, belonging to natives, which are objects of great interest and curiosity to Europeans. One of these, inhabited by a rajah, is distinguished for its menagerie, the only one of the kind now existing in Bengal, that at Barrackpore Park having been dismantled*. The collection has been greatly enriched by donations of animals which formerly inhabited the cages in the Park. The specimens of the wild tribes of Bengal exhibited in this zoological garden are superb.

A garden-house, about four miles from Dum Dum, on the road to Calcutta, the occasional residence of Dwarknauth Tagore, a rich and highly-intelligent native gentleman, possesses many attractions to Europeans, who gladly avail themselves of the hospitalities of the courteous owner. Dwarknauth Tagore converses fluently in English with his guests, whom he receives entirely after the European fashion, permitting, though himself a Hindoo, fowls and butchers'-meat, with the exception of beef, to appear at his table, at which he occupies a seat, taking wine, indeed, with the company, but abstaining from the more solid food which is placed before him. The house is a beautiful and commodious structure, furnished in the best taste, and strictly in accordance with our ideas of Asiatic luxury, though differing widely from the real state of things in native houses; sofas, stools, and ottomans abound,—some of the rooms are hung with fine engravings, and others are decorated with the best specimens of original paintings which Calcutta can afford; several excellent portraits from the pencil of Mr. George Beechey, and some choice productions from other European artists who have bent their steps to India. The tables are covered with books of prints, and portfolios of the most splendid descriptions; in short, it is a most delightful retreat, the gardens and grounds being laid out in a style correspondent with the interior.

In one respect, at the period of Bishop Heber's short sojourn in India, Dum Dum had the advantage, and that an advantage of no ordinary character, over Barrackpore. It was provided with a Church. The good bishop thus describes his visit to the place to consecrate this building:—

November 4.—I went to consecrate a new church at Dum Dum, having previously obtained the sanction of govern-

* Since Bishop Heber's account was written.

ment for the performance of the ceremony, both here and at St. James's in Calcutta, as also a written assurance from the governor in council, that the buildings should thenceforward be appropriated to the worship of God, after the forms and laws of the English church. This I thought a sufficient title, and it was certainly all that could be obtained in this country. Accordingly I determined not to lose the opportunity of giving the sanction of a most impressive form of dedication to these two churches, as likely to do good to all who shared in the service.

The road to Dum Dum is less interesting than that to Barrackpore; like it, it is a military village. It consists of several long, low ranges of building, all on the ground-floor, ornamented with a verandah, the lodging of the troops, and some small, but elegant and convenient houses occupied by the officers, adjoining an open space like the "Meidan," or large plain, of Calcutta, which is appropriated to the practice of artillery. The commandant, General Hardwicke, with whom we spent the day, resides in a large house, built on an artificial mound, of considerable height above the neighbouring country, and surrounded by very pretty walks and shrubberies. The house has a venerable appearance, and its lower story, as well as the mound on which it stands, is said to be of some antiquity, at least for Bengal, where so many powerful agents of destruction are always at work, that no architecture can be durable; and though ruins and buildings of apparently remote date are extremely common, it would, perhaps, be difficult to find a single edifice 150 years old. This building is of brick, with small windows, and enormous buttresses. The upper story, which is of the style of architecture usual in Calcutta, was added by Lord Clive, who also laid out the gardens and made this his country house.

We here met a large party, and afterwards proceeded to the church, which is a very pretty building, divided into aisles by two rows of Doric pillars, and capable of containing a numerous congregation. It was now filled by a large and very attentive assemblage, composed of the European regiments, the officers and their families, and some visitors from Calcutta. The consecration of the cemetery followed, wisely here, as in all British India, placed at some distance from the church and village.

D. I. E.

[From the *Asiatic Journal*, and BISHOP HEBER'S *Journal*.]

THE keeping of the waters within bounds, so that they cannot overflow the earth, is often mentioned in Scripture as an immediate effect of God's overruling power and providence. We know that there are certain natural causes which produce these effects on the sea and the land. But this ought not to prevent us from regarding the all-powerful hand of the Creator, who hath created, and who preserves His creatures in their proper and natural stations; we ought to admire these surprising effects of the first cause, which is His almighty will. To this point the language of Scripture continually directs us; by attributing everything to God, by referring everything to Him, by considering Him as the prime mover of all the events, and even of the effects which we are accustomed to refer to nature or to chance; terms confused and ambiguous, of which religion knows nothing.

IN length of days be thy portion, make it not thy expectation; reckon not upon long life, but live always beyond thy account. He that so often surviveth his expectation, lives many lives, and will hardly complain of the shortness of his days. Time past is gone like a shadow: make times to come present; conceive that near which may be far off; approximate thy last times by present apprehensions of them; live like a neighbour unto death, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something in us which must still live on, join both lives together; unite them in thy thoughts and actions, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this life, will never be far from the next; and is in some manner already in it, by a happy conformity and close apprehension of it.—SIR THOMAS BROWN.

THE make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind, and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles, or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life, than any other cast or texture of them would have been.—ADDISON.

EGYPT

O EGYPT! Relic of the mighty past!
 Wondrous in ruins,—land of prodigies!
 What mystic charm hast thou around me cast,
 That bids the tear bedim my longing eyes?
 When shall I view thine awe-inspiring land?
 Walk 'midst thy wreck of almost primal days,
 Dare the hot welcome of thy glowing sand,
 Muse as I view thee,—wonder as I gaze?
 When shall I traverse thy majestic fanes,
 Plunge in the pyramid's eternal glooms,
 Trace on thy sculptured walls a thousand reigns,
 Sigh 'mid thy halls, and ponder o'er thy tombs?
 Methinks,—retreating from the crowd awhile,
 E'en now on Thebes's regal site I tread,
 And near the banks of lotus-wreathed Nile,
 Hold converse with the "City of the Dead."
 Speed forth, speed forth, my mind, on fancy's wings,
 Wrest back a thousand years thrice told, from time;
 View the proud city with her priests and kings,
 The seat of learning, luxury, and crime!
 See yon vast temple crush the burdened soil,
 Yon mausoleum, that the mountain rives,
 That palace raised by millions' abject toil,
 And basely purchased at a thousand lives.
 View the slight ob'lish tapering to the skies,
 The sphinx-formed vistas stretching o'er the plain;
 The tufted palm-trees that majestic rise,
 The countless slaves of pleasure and of gain.
 But lo, 'tis gone! Gone is the golden dream,
 The splendid vision like a whirlwind fled,
 Before me lies, the desert and the stream,—
 Around, the silent dwellings of the dead!
 How is thy glory, Egypt, passed away!
 Weep, child of ruin, o'er thy humbled name!
 The wreck alone that marks thy deep decay,
 Now tells the story of thy former fame!

M. H.

TRY.—Mr. Robert Raikes, whose benevolent desire to promote the best interests of his poorer neighbours, first led to the formation of Sunday-Schools in their present or modern form, was almost discouraged, by the various obstacles he had to contend with, from attempting to give instruction to the miserably neglected children who filled the streets of Gloucester on the Lord's Day particularly; but whilst meditating on the subject, the word "Try" was so forcibly impressed on his mind, that he determined to begin and do something, however little it might be; and, many years after, when his plan had succeeded far beyond his highest hopes, he observed, that he never passed the spot where the word "Try" came into his mind, without lifting up his hands and heart to heaven in gratitude to God, for having put the thought into his heart.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.—CRABB.

CENSURE, says an ingenious author, is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—ADDISON.

SELF-DENIAL is an excellent guard of virtue, and it is safer and wiser to abate somewhat of our lawful enjoyments, than to gratify our desires to the utmost extent of what is permitted, lest the bent of nature towards pleasure hurry us further.—TOWNSON.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST. II.

It has been stated in the first paper of this series, that water will evaporate more or less whenever it is exposed to the air. But what becomes of the vapour? We see it for a very short time, as, for instance, when it first escapes out of the spout of a tea-kettle; but we see it no more. Why not? Because it is quickly diffused in the atmosphere so widely as to become invisible.

To show that steam or vapour is real water, let us place an empty decanter over the spout of a boiling kettle, and as the steam issues, let it ascend into the decanter. Observe, now, the decanter is perfectly empty, and dry both inside and outside. I will hold it over the spout of the kettle but a very few moments; you see the steam goes into it. There, see how the water has collected in drops on the inside of the decanter, near the top; and, see! the drops are running down on the inside. Now, how came this water there? Could it get there in any other way than as steam?

Again, water not only becomes changed by heat into steam, but when received into the atmosphere, if that is not very cold, it becomes invisible. You have already observed, that although you see the current of steam which issues from the kettle when it first comes out, yet it soon disappears; you must not suppose that it falls down, and settles on the ground in the form of water, as it did on the sides of the decanter. To be sure, something of this nature happens when we have rain and dew; but we have not either of these except for a small part of the time, whereas, evaporation is going on, some way or other, every moment. About dew and rain, I mean to tell you more, hereafter.

I said evaporation was going on every moment; and so it is. Did you ever see the time when your hands, if moistened with water, would not soon dry? But if a thing dries, it is generally because the water which moistened it turns into vapour. The atmosphere which surrounds us, always has more or less water in it; still it never, or hardly ever, has so much that it will not receive more; and the earth is hardly ever so dry, but that it will give out water by evaporation, though not so much as is given out by the oceans and rivers.

Bishop Watson made a curious experiment. He took a large drinking-glass, and inverted it on the ground for a short time, and by collecting the vapour which settled on the inside of the glass, he found that an acre of ground dispersed into the air, in the space of twelve hours of a warm Summer's day, above 1600 gallons of water. This, as you may easily find by reckoning, is more than twenty-five hogsheads. The quantity of water which, at this rate, would ascend from a square mile in the same time, is 16,000 hogsheads. Think, then, what an immense quantity of water must be constantly evaporating from the surface of the various oceans and seas, bays, lakes, and rivers, which the earth contains.

When I was young, I used to wonder how the sea could hold so much water, without becoming more than full. I had heard of the mighty Amazon, the La Plata, and the Mississippi, and I knew that mighty as these rivers were, the waters which they emptied into the great deep formed but a small part of what it received. I had not then thought much about evaporation. But when we think of that, and make a few such estimates as I have been making above, and as every school-boy can make for himself, we need no longer wonder.

But what becomes of these ascending oceans? I

say *Oceans*; for I can think of no better name by which to call such a mighty mass of vapour. Where does so much water go to? It must be emptied somewhere, or else the air, too, would get quite full. The truth is, the air does get full; and then by some law of the great Creator, it empties itself in the form of rain. We know that water does constantly evaporate that vapour makes clouds, and that snow, and rain, and hail, descend from clouds to the earth. Perhaps this will be sufficient to say on this point for the present.

THE REPOSE, OR SLEEP OF PLANTS.

THE alternate state of activity and rest, which appears to be necessary to maintain the body in health, and the mind in vigour, is not confined merely to sentient beings, but pervades the whole economy of nature, whether animate or inanimate. The term sleep (a state of rest), as applied to the vegetable kingdom, is used to express a peculiar state of many plants during the night, evinced by a change in the position, generally a drooping or folding together of their leaves or leaflets. The instances of this state of rest are constantly before our eyes. The *Lupin* drops listlessly the slender fingers of its leaves at dusk, as if to repose from its daily labour.

Fig. 1.



At rest.

Fig. 2.



Expanded.

THE LEAF OF THE LUPIN.

The Four-o'Clock (*Convolvulus minor*), closes its blue eyelid betimes in the evening, and opens it again as soon as the sun is well above the horizon. In some plants the leaves approach the stem, as in fig. 3, 4.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



The famous Linnæus, speaking of this condition of plants, traces the analogous properties possessed by the subjects which compose the animal kingdom, when under the influence of sleep or inactivity. The monkey rests on its side, the camel with its head between the fore-legs, and many birds cover their heads with the wing; so, he remarks, the leaves of plants assume different positions during the night. The object, in general, appears to be the protection of some more delicate part of their structure, from the effects of the night-air, (see figs. 5 and 6.) Some bend downwards over their blossom; the tamarind closes its leaves over the fruit, the acacia does the same, while the intention in other plants is the guarding the under-side of their leaves from injury. It is not to be supposed, that anything approaching to the exhaustion of muscular power, is the cause of these phenomena; the effect is most probably to be attributed to cold air and the absence of light, retarding the circulation of the sap. To these

different positions of the leaves Linnæus has applied a variety of names, which would be uninteresting to the general reader.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



The most singular instance of this state of plants, and that which first attracted the notice of the great Swedish naturalist, occurred in a species of water-lily, *Lotus ornithopodioides*. The plant, being rare, was much prized by its owner, and two blossoms appearing on it, the gardener was particularly cautioned to take care that no accident occurred, until more notice could be taken of it. Business prevented its being thought of until the evening, but when it was produced, no blossom was visible. The next day the flowers were again seen, but in the evening were not to be found; the third day the same thing again occurred, but after a very minute search each blossom was found hidden under three leaves, as if covered with a pent-Louse, protected from the air, and quite concealed from the most prying eye. "From this," says Linnæus, "we may see that the structure of leaves is not fortuitous, but destined by an omniscient Creator, to answer some particular end."

THE productions of the vegetable kingdom are among the first objects that forcibly attract the attention of young children, becoming to them the source of gratifications which are among the purest of which our nature is capable, and of which even the indistinct recollection imparts often a fleeting pleasure to the most cheerless moments of after-life.

Who does not look back with feelings, which he would in vain attempt to describe, to the delightful rambles which his native fields and meadows afforded to his earliest years? Who does not remember, or at least fancy that he remembers, the eager activity with which he was used to strip nature's carpet of its embroidery, nor ceased to cull the scattered blossoms till his infant hands were incapable of retaining the accumulated heap? Who, on even seeing the first violet of returning spring, much more on inhaling its sweetness, or in catching the breeze that has passed over the blossom of the bean or of the woodbine, does not again enjoy the very delights of his early childhood?

It may be said that the pleasure of such recollections is for the most part of a moral and intellectual nature; but the pleasure of the original enjoyment appears to be principally of a physical character, and is, no doubt, intended to produce at the moment a highly beneficial, though merely physical effect; for while the eye of the child is attracted by the unexpected forms and colours of the plants and flowers presented to his view, and his mind is instigated to gratify the eager desire of possessing them, he necessarily subjects his limbs to that degree of exercise and fatigue which contributes to the general health of his body. Nor let such pleasures be undervalued in their consequence; they give that moderate stimulus to the whole system, which even the early age of infancy requires; and by shutting out the listlessness that would arise from inactivity, they become eventually the source of moral and intellectual improvement.—KIDD.

LONDON:

JOHN WILLIAM PARKER, WEST STRAND.
PUBLISHED IN WEEKLY NUMBERS, PRICE ONE PENNY, AND IN MONTHLY PARTS
PRICE SIXPENCE, AND
Sold by all Booksellers and Newsvenders in the Kingdom.